

These are tape recordings made by Mr. Bill Tennent, Bureau of Land Management Brown's Park Historian, with Mrs. Minnie Crouse Rasmussen. The interview was conducted in Phoenix, Arizona, in August 1978.

Bill Tennent (BT): Can you tell us something about John Jarvie's background before he came to Brown's Park?

Minnie: Well, I would be a little girl, you know, and I know it was Scotland. I know that he went in business in Rock Springs, and then came to the Park and established a store, a general store, a wonderful store.

BT: What type of business was that in Rock Springs?

Minnie: Business? Oh, saloon, I have heard, I have been told. That was the history when I was a little girl, when I was young. That's why I remember it that way.

BT: Do you know Nell's background, John Jarvie's wife?

Minnie: I wouldn't know. I don't know any more than that the Barrs [Nell's birth family] came to Ogden. Where they came first, I don't know. They lived there. They came for their health. She had TB, and the young girls who were growing up.

BT: They all had TB?

Minnie: That's what she died of.

BT: And the family came to Ogden from the East?

Minnie: From Pennsylvania, or Philadelphia, or whatever.

BT: On the property at the Jarvie place there are several buildings. Maybe you could talk about those for a minute. First, the dugout. Do you know what that was used for?

Minnie: Well, you see, it was used for storing the... There was a road between Green River and Vernal. It was through Red Creek Canyon, that way. There was a ford right there where the dugout is, right in the right field, and that is what they were using in those days. There was a man and his whole outfit was young.

The river run fast there. You know, with a rock bottom it runs faster for a ways, and that was the ford for quite a long time, that the cowboys used.

You know when the Mormons were in the fort, in Old Ashley, and those winters when they came over, things you have read about where they took two wagon wheels and made a cart of it and came in for flour. Well, that's where they crossed. That was the rock canyon. When they put in the ferry boat, I don't know if it was a mile, but it could have been a mile below that to the

east, you know, down, the river's running east and west there.

BT: So, the dugout was used basically for storage?

Minnie: For storage.

BT: It looks like it would make a fine store.

Minnie: Well... Oh, no, it was storage to the store. You saw the door made of a ?, and how it ? And they had the one at first, and then they made the other. They dug in and made the other. Many people, I think, were interested in that, or used that in those early days.

I don't mean for anything wrong, and yet the outlaws could have, they very well could have. Not that anything much was ever said about that, but it was only six or seven miles from us to the Jarvies. He certainly saw them as much as we did.

BT: Was Jarvie the person that built that dugout?

Minnie: Yes, he must have. It was his, and in the years since, I've been in there when there were many, many things that I didn't know what they were. I didn't think about those things.

Bill: Now, the house itself, where Jarvie lived and the store. Can you describe those for us?

Minnie: Well, in order to tell you about it, the river has changed its course now. It used to come to the north, I would say. Now, it's way over to the south there, and it's wider, a lot wider than it was. When the high water was up, it could "slop" in the kitchen door, and Green River got high, I'll tell you.

BT: So, the house was right close to the river, then?

Minnie: Yes, right down by the river and there was just a path. Of course, when the river was down, when the high water was gone, there was quite a little space in there, and that's where the back door affairs took place, you know. You walked up to the, you didn't walk to the cave, that wasn't open like that. Of course, there was a lot of brush there. The cave was not very easily found.

BT: Now, what cave was this?

Minnie: This was the cellar that we are talking about. It faced the river, you know.

BT: Was the Jarvie house a log house?

Minnie: Yes, I think so. I know the bedrooms were. They must have been. They weren't adobe or brick or anything, it was log, sure, 'cause everybody's homes were logs. And lumber, of course. All this was freighted from Green River. Everything came. To make it, he bought it there.

BT: Okay. Now, the size of the house. What sort of rooms were there in there?

Minnie: Well, the kitchen were the fair-sizest room, and the door faced the river, and there was a step, and it faced the river. There was a window, as I remember, to the north, and the kitchen affair there. Then there was this... It went a little ways the length of the room, up the steps into the store. There was kind of a basement, we'll call it, under the store. That's where the freight was unloaded when the wagons brought the freight for the store. That's where they unloaded it. The little barrel of [booze] was there. Maybe lots of barrels, you know. We think so. There was no drunkenness, but everybody would drink.

BT: This was just his private supply?

Minnie: Yes. I suppose he sold it. He must have.

BT: So, there was a basement under the store, but not under the house itself?

Minnie: No, just under the store, and the door was on the north for the store.

BT: Now, was the store connected to the house with a hallway or something?

Minnie: Yes, the whole thing was in one piece.

BT: Do you remember how many bedrooms?

Minnie: Well, I guess I would say, maybe three. I don't know for sure, but I know Mrs. Jarvie's room, well, and the next one, and there must have been another one. I think, off the kitchen, when you went toward the bedrooms, I think that there was a bed there. Then the bedrooms were in that direction.

BT: Can you tell us about Mrs. Jarvie's room?

Minnie: Well, no. I just don't... I know a bed, and her jewelry afterwards, after she was gone. A lot of her things were left there. He lived that way.

BT: So, you slept in her room after she had died?

Minnie: Oh, yes, but this was a long time afterwards, when I was grown almost. Right after I came back from school. That's when I remember these incidents.

BT: Did he save her things in that room?

Minnie: Well, yeah, I think so. I don't know whether Toots has them yet, they never did let us know.

BT: The stone building on the property, can you tell us anything about that?

Minnie: Well, I don't know, I'm dumb about that. I have heard, and I know who built that, and about it, but I just can't recall it. I just can't. That building was there. It was not interesting. We played in it sometimes, but it was never lived in that I know of. Sometimes it didn't have a roof, nor part of a roof and windows. But, I have heard all about that, but I can't remember, it just escapes me. It wasn't interesting.

BT: So, it might have been there even before Jarvie?

Minnie: No, I don't think so, no.

BT: So, he began to build it?

Minnie: I think he built it, or had it built or whatever. It was on his property, and for his purpose, whatever. Nobody ever lived there.

BT: But, he never got around to using it for whatever purpose it was?

Minnie: Not that I remember, and that was rather ?, you know. I like the old buildings much better. We never bothered about that stone building.

BT: Do you know what type of businesses Jarvie went into besides the store? What other interests he had?

Minnie: Well, just a personal interest in the country, the people, that was his living, and he must have done well at times, you know. It was the only store within fifty or sixty miles.

BT: So, he had a pretty good business with the store?

Minnie: He must have, yes.

BT: At least at times?

Minnie: Yes. My people and many people went to town, went Green River, Rock Springs. We traded at Rock Springs, McDermicks and Morry Mercantile. They went twice a year, a four-horse team, and we got what we needed and what we wanted and everything. These great boxes of Arbuckles coffee, some sugar and flour and all that kind of thing in big amounts, you know.

BT: So, you would buy in large quantities, whatever you got at Rock Springs?

Minnie: Yes, and that is according to your family. I know that our cellar was loaded! We bought all dried fruits, you know. No canned vegetables or fruits. Beans and things like that and all the dried fruits we needed.

BT: The road to Rock Springs, would that go up Red Creek Canyon?

Minnie: No. Well, it did at first, I guess, when Red Creek was used. It was over Taylor Dugway and out that way, you know. That's the highway now, it's a paved road now. But then, very soon it was up Willow Creek, and that was the road. You went by Tin Can Springs and the ranch at the foot of the mountain, you know. You went that way. Then my father put in a dam for the Ericksons at Red Creek Ranch, right near there. They were sheep men and they were from Vernal, Dave and Almie Rasmussen. This was a dirt dam up in the draw, and that dam went out once when there was a big storm in the summer. It went right down through Willow Creek, right down through the ranch and the canyon. Then they made Jesse Ewing. And the other outlet from Brown's Park was down through the Irish Canyon, south.

BT: Did Jarvie do much in the way of raising cattle?

Minnie: No. He had cattle, but I don't know how many, but it rather a few when Tom [his son] started.

BT: Do you know if he had any sheep at any time?

Minnie: No, not that I ever knew of. Nobody had sheep. They were hated.

BT: His wife, Nell, you said that she had TB. Do you know where she died and where she is buried?

Minnie: Yes, she died in the home at the Jarvie place in the bedroom. And my aunt, Aunt Lizzie Allen, my mother's sister, she died in her arms when Jimmy [the youngest son] was a nursing baby.

BT: And she wasn't buried on the Jarvie place?

Minnie: No, she was buried in Ogden, and it must have been right away.

BT: Because her family, I suppose, was still living.

Minnie: Yes, they were living there. Her sisters were. I don't know but what they were married. One married into the family (Spargos?). They were some of the first citizens of Ogden. They had a huge wedding, very elaborate. That was long after her death.

BT: Do you know anything about Nell's personality?

Minnie: No, nothing. I just barely remember her and maybe it's imagination, too. Could be. But she had a very quick temper. She had a beautiful voice and used it. Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Goslin, you know, in those times they had wonderful times. Mrs. Sears and my family and the Davenportes in the upper end of the Park, we had wonderful times.

BT: She would sing at some of the social gatherings?

Minnie: Well, if there were any, I don't know. There was nothing then, no church or anything. There were lots of immigrants that came through there finally, but I don't know. There was never a church that I knew of in Brown's Park.

BT: The Jarvies had four sons; maybe we could talk about each of them for just a few minutes. The first one, John Jr.

Minnie: Well, I went to school with John. We went to school together. At times his father sent him to Rock Springs and he lived with friends of Jarvies'. Odie Clark, she taught school there, and was a librarian and a personality till she died. You would like to read that book about these people.

John, I don't know, he never stayed with anything. He was always inventing something and getting a new scheme and falling through. When he worked with horses or teams he was very cruel. He was very harsh on animals, and always broken down, and always something, you know. He had many, many, many schemes. At last he married in the Park and had children. He came back to Linwood once and lived. He worked the coal mine there. We had a coal mine. He worked that coal mine and dug a shaft for an air shaft, which nobody else had ever done, and made a very fine mine, safe. The mine inspector used to come out and see it. Someone set fire to the mine and it was that kind of coal, it never went out. You know, most coal goes out, this just kept burning and burning. Finally, the government came in and buried that and put it out.

Then at one time he was with Tom and he raised a huge garden, wonderful garden, there in Linwood on the old Solomon where I told you he lived. I used to go up there and get bushel baskets of peas or beans or whatever to can for myself, you know. I would go in the mornings and come home and shell them and can them. Then when he left there, I think [I got this] from the paper, I didn't know this, that he settled in Utah, some little town in Utah. But he went to California and he bought, I don't know how that happened, but he bought some land, a piece of land and he worked in the wonderful cemetery there. He was a gardener in the cemetery.

BT: So, he eventually died in California?

Minnie: Yes. And Tom went down and buried him, or maybe he didn't, but anyway, the children have told things that happened and Tom boasts about the wonderful cemetery that John had been buried in. That's the only nice, wonderful thing that happened to him.

BT: That brings us to Tom.

Minnie: That's enough said.

BT: That's all we need to say about Tom?

Minnie: Well, I personally had lots of dealings with him. He was a pure character; he wasn't a bit like his father. He was very social to talk to and be around, but he didn't buy a car license and he didn't do lots of things. When he was picked up, why, he had a fit and fell in it, and he never did have another one. So, he couldn't drive his car and they still have his old car.

BT: Now, Tom remained in Utah and died there?

Minnie: No, he died in California.

BT: Oh, Tom did?

Minnie: Tom, yes. When the dam went in, he had a fit. He was on the BLM, you know, and all that stuff. He used to go to all the meetings everywhere. You know, Keith and he and whoever else from us were on the BLM when all the fencing took place, when the government took hold of us. He had a very hard time with all that. He was very hard to deal with in the meetings and very outspoken.

BT: Now, the next son was Archie?

Minnie: Yes. He was not in public like those other two were. He was a quieter person. I can never remember seeing him half as much as the others.

BT: And Jim, the youngest son?

Minnie: Well, he was the baby. He grew up and just as Mr. Jarvie said in his letter, "He did as he pleased." And he did. He played and monkeyed around and when he did, if he did take the death seriously and tried to find those men, that was the first real interest in life I think he ever had. But to do anything, he didn't work for wages much. Some people hired him a little, you know.

BT: He would go around the Park and sort of live with people.

Minnie: Drop in at mealtime and use the bunkhouse. He was welcome, you know, it a way. The population in the Park changed such a lot. You never could tell. Now, that one time when I tell you, I was the only female down there that summer.

BT: Now, about John Jarvie himself. What is this story about selling his hair?

Minnie: Well, his hair was white when he left Scotland. So was my Aunt Lizzie's, I don't know if that's anything or not. But anyway, his hair was white then, when he was a young man, not as white, probably, as it got. I don't know who it was or how it came about, but somebody offered him a cutting of [to cut] the hair and he took it up. He had lots of hair on his face, too, you know, the beard. At that time he didn't shave, sometimes he did, but at that time he didn't. But he never could get it long enough that they would give him this five or six hundred dollars, whatever it was. He was very anxious to do that.

BT: It just wouldn't grow long enough?

Minnie: Maybe it would have in time, but he couldn't wait the year while it did. But anyway, that's the way it was when I came home. We used to talk about it a lot. When we would spend

some time together, that always would come up.

BT: The time that he broke his ribs, what can you tell us about that?

Minnie: Well, he was mining in Red Creek Canyon on Tepee Mountain and all along there on Red Creek. He dug tunnels and it was hard work. He had an old horse. He would go to work regularly every day and come home all tired. One day when he was coming down the hill, you know, he would be going up in the ledges and in the rocks and all and coming down it was steep. A strap that holds the cinch on the saddle broke, it was worn, and he fell off down the hill. Banged himself up terrible. He stayed around home for a while, a few days, and he finally had to go to town, and he went in to Rock Springs and the doctor taped him with adhesive tape. I should think they would have shaved him first, don't you? They didn't. Anyway, when he came back he was very jubilant. It wasn't hurting too bad, you know, and he got better. He was a healthy man. It was itching and itching and he wanted to get this tape off, so I was supposed to help him and I didn't know how to take it off. We were pulling it off and it was a terrible thing and I got the giggles. I got around behind him so he couldn't see me and he got very mad at me. But we finally got that off. It was torture.

BT: It must have been painful.

Minnie: Yes. So, when we got it off, why, we bathed him in liquor, in alcohol, not alcohol, but maybe it was, I don't know, something. Anyway, we didn't know enough to do that to get it off. We did it. So, he went in the store and on the shelf was old merchandise, you know. The store wasn't working much anymore. He found a corset. He got a corset, a woman's corset, and so he said, "I'm going to make something now." So, he made it, and I helped him to get it on and lace it up, and then he wore that to the finish of the ribs.

BT: To keep his ribs in place he had to wear the corset.

Minnie: I had broken ribs once. I fell down and had broken ribs, and the doctor lived in Prescott, and by that time they had nice rubber, elastic, and I was padded around. But, oh, that was an awful, bad day when we did that.

BT: His wife died when the children were mostly still pretty young, so he must have had to have been father and mother to them.

Minnie: He was. And they all, his neighbors, his friends, my aunt and my mother, and Mrs. Sears, Mrs. Goslin, Mrs. Richards, all offered to help, and he said, "I'll do it," and he did.

BT: Now, did he make their clothes?

Minnie: He made their clothes. He had a sewing machine and I can see that sewing machine yet. It was a funny looking little, small. I suppose it was a Singer. It must have been, and he even sewed buttons on with it. He learned that himself.

BT: So, he made their clothes and he must have been the cook also.

Minnie: He was. He could have had clothes like we did out of the store, long johns out of the store, you know, but he did a lot on his own, and everyone marveled at it.

BT: Did he ever cook anything in particular that you used to enjoy?

Minnie: Oh, yes. One day he told me to come up and it was a dove, a mourning dove pie, with crust. He had killed them and fixed them and cooked them. He always was getting some after his merchandise was down, you know. He used to order little gourmet things for himself. Jars of this and that and the other thing. We always had something like that. His oatmeal, he had just a certain way of making oatmeal. It was really good. The oatmeal was good then. It wasn't like it is now. It doesn't taste like oatmeal anymore, to me.

BT: Now, he was the first postmaster in Brown's Park.

Minnie: Yeah, well, I guess so, but it was from Vernal, you see. The route was from Vernal. It was on snowshoes and the ford up, over by the dam, that was the snowshoe route, the dam.

BT: You told me how he came to give up his job as postmaster. Could you tell us that story?

Minnie: There was a postmaster in Vernal, in the Old Ashley. His name was Krause. K-R-A-U-S-E. He was German. Ours is C-R-O-U-S-E. Anyway, there was some difficulties about money orders, and he was accused of doing it wrong, or crooked. So, they sent Mr. Jarvie a notice to check on him. So, Mr. Jarvie put all the pens, inks and papers and all the books and everything in a sack and sent it in. That was all of that post office.

BT: So, he gave up the post office because he didn't want to spy on the other postmaster?

Minnie: He didn't like that. He must have known him. I don't know. He has told me this himself when we were in our last years together.

BT: I understand that he also practices phrenology.

Minnie: He read our heads. He couldn't keep his hands off people's heads.

BT: He read most of the people's heads in the Park.

Minnie: He would read anybody's.

BT: What kind of things could he tell you?

Minnie: Oh, your character and your feelings and your good standards, whatever that skull tells you.

BT: Did any of his predictions come true that you know of?

Minnie: Oh, yes. People liked to know, and they like to know about their children. He liked to do it. That was one of his specialities. And then chess and higher mathematics, trigonometry, and all that kind of thing.

BT: What was his personality like?

Minnie: Well, he was very, very friendly, very friendly, but very quick to disagree or argue from his point of view, very quick. He would see the good parts of people. He loved people.

BT: Now, he was a musical person?

Minnie: Yes, he was, but I don't think he read music at all.

BT: He just played by memory?

Minnie: He played by the chords, on the violin, you know, and the concertina. George Law played the concertina very well, too. You know, the concertina is a little squeeze-box.

BT: Was Mr. Jarvie close to your family?

Minnie: Yes, yes, I would say so, and I think he and my mother must have been very close at the last.

BT: John Jarvie was murdered in 1909, and I understand that you were one of the first people to discover this fact that he had been murdered. Could you describe your experience there.

Minnie: Well, I think people in the Park knew it. I had a homestead at Dutch John at Minnie's Gap. I hadn't been with Mr. Jarvie; I hadn't been at Bridgeport and next door neighbors to him for a long time. I used to go down and we used to read, but I loaned him books. I went down one day to return some books, and then I saw something had gone wrong. But the people in the Park knew it the day before. There was nobody in Brown's Park hardly then. Everyone was somewhere.

It was the Fourth of July. The Greenhows had gone to Rock Springs and they saw the murderers, but they didn't know that anything had happened. They were walking then. They had to describe the horse. I saw where he was [had been], where they had had the row on the little bridge. His long white hair was caught on many things. I walked around the path and around the rock house and up the path to the boat where they had put him in the boat.

BT: Now, could you see where he had been dragged? On the ground?

Minnie: Yes, you could see it. That's how I knew that something was wrong. They must have had him by the heels, just dragged him there.

BT: You could see bits of his hair where they had drug him. Did you see blood all over the path, also?

Minnie: Yes, sometimes, not much, no, not much. But you could see plainly where he was dragged, and people, now, I'm not that way now, but trailing things was an art with people. You could know what was going on a lot, anyone could have seen that because he was a heavy man, and I can imagine that they each had a foot and dragged him out there. They knocked him down on the bridge. Everyone's concluded that that's how the fight was. It started in the store. They were forcing him to open the safe and he evidently did, because they have the hundred dollar bill and they also had a pearl-handled six-shooter. And they thought that he was an old man and had a lot of money in that safe. They came to the conclusion that here was only a hundred dollar bill in the safe.

BT: So, they drug him to the river and they put his body in the boat. Do you know who it was that finally discovered the body?

Minnie: Well, no. But the people in the Park, the lower end, and I think Tom was there. I think he was, I am not sure. I had gone back to my home and I didn't know this. It was two weeks before they found it. It had floated out in the meadows, you know. The boat was up on some willows and he was in it. And I have had a description of what took place there, when they found him and how they did it.

BT: Now one of the sons supposedly followed the killers. Which son was that, do you know?

Minnie: Well, that was Jimmy. Mr. Jarvie was buried down at Lodore and they never even put a headstone. Tom never even put a headstone. There is just one of those metal plates, that's all he put there.

BT: Why wouldn't any of the sons put up a headstone, do you think? Weren't they living in the area at the time?

Minnie: Well, Archie wasn't here at all and Jimmy, he wouldn't have known about a headstone maybe. But Tom surely should have, but he didn't do it. It's right there, the same one. I saw it year before last.

BT: Did Jim follow the killers very far, do you know?

Minnie: They say he did, that he followed. They were shepherders and ranch workers, you know. They say he did, he trailed them around, and very often was near them. They say that. I wasn't here then, I was in Idaho Falls. I don't know how to say that any plainer than that.

BT: Do you know the town that they were supposedly killed in in Idaho?

Minnie: Well, Pocatello.

BT: By being pushed out of a hotel window?

Minnie: A window. He fell on the sidewalk. He wouldn't talk to the men. They would go out, they would say, "Well, what's to do today?" And he would just clam up. He wouldn't say a thing, and then he would be mad.

BT: Tom?

Minnie: Yeah. So, one time, and it was hard finally, rural people didn't want to work for him. They didn't have to, and the boys were getting up and they were starting to go to dances at nights, you know, and with girls. So, that made him mad and they were Mormons, of course, that made him mad. And he got machinery, the new machinery for haying, you know, one of the new methods, and kept up that way. He had good equipment on his ranch and he didn't know how to use the machinery, and they would sometimes have this one thing he did, they stood and watched him when he was trying to do it. He couldn't do it. Them new loaders and the new, fancy, you know. They laughed at him, so they had trouble that way, all the time.

So, finally, he went to Rock Springs, or Sweet Town, and he hired a man. He brought him out, and the first thing they had was maybe dinner, or supper, or whatever they had. Not a soul spoke, but that was all right. The man sat there, and he did his best to eat. This went on day after day. And he didn't tell the man what to do, and the man was nearly going crazy. So, it came to a head finally and the man was quitting. Tom wasn't going to let him, or he wasn't going to pay him. They all had a fight and the man ran over the hill, the hill right out from the house. He ran over the hill and got out to the highway.

That's just one of the real things that happened, and the man told the truck driver where he got a ride, you know, about it. He told the whole thing and it got all over the country. But that's how unreasonable he was.

BT: Do you recall anything, or did your father tell you anything about the Bennett hanging at the Bassett Ranch?

Minnie: No. Well, you see, I was a little girl then and my father was on the posse. He was behind V.S. Hoy when he was killed. Just at nights when he would come home, we were thankful that he got home. Then we went to Rock Springs that winter and those fellows were in jail. The city hall was right on the street, you know. We saw Tracy and Lant. When we would be going home from school, they would be at the window.

We were thankful, my mother would thank the Lord every night for the days when he did get home, you know, because it was such a... He wasn't there when Bennett was hanged. He was lying there on that spot, he was somewhere near that spot.

BT: So, he didn't actually see the hanging?

Minnie: No, I don't think so.

BT: There were so many outlaws in Brown's Park, and they all seemed to get along fairly well with the local people there. How did the people accept this?

Minnie: Well, down in the lower end when Pablo and what's his name? Oh, I can't follow those names. All those fellows that landed down there, Bible Beck, you know, all those people, they got along down there. We didn't ever have anything to do with those people, up in the upper end.

BT: Could you tell us something about the relationship of the local people in Brown's Park with the Indians?

Minnie: Well, I think it was all good. We never had no trouble that I ever heard of. No trouble. No fights. My father was buried. The Indians all admired my father. He had a thumb off, you know. When he was with Major Crouse in the Army and everything. He cut it off with a hatchet. Did you know that?

BT: No.

Minnie: He was Major Crouse's boy. He took care of his buckboard and mules. He was his orderly, you know. He had the same name as my father, Crouse. He wanted to adopt my father, and he wouldn't. He was making a brake box for the buckboard and he chopped his thumb off. So, the major had the whole thing taken out, you know. Just as though it had never been there, like that. And that was his left hand, and that was very useful fingers. He used to catch us by the ear with that. He told the Indians, they all wanted to know where it went, just like I did, he told them that the cats ate it off. That was his story.

Oh, then you see, they went through in the upper end of the Park, going up to visit the Hillsbuds and all the Indians up north, you know. Every year they would be tribes going through with families, many in it sometimes, and sometimes not. They would visit, and then they had to come back at a certain time, for they were only allowed certain times off the reservation. I think they got along fine.

BT: Did they come to Brown's Park to hunt?

Minnie: Yes. Tom Jeremy, at one time, he traded. Some Indians camped below his house, his place there, and he got a pony from them. He had that pony for years. He let it starve to death. But anyway, they loved that pony. Then they went down in the Hoy meadow, when they had their hunt, and they had their squaws do the meat, you know, the jerky, and tanned the hides, made moccasins, did the work, carried the wood, did the work. There was wonderful hunting, wonderful! The times we were there, my father had the Hoy meadows leased once, and we had cattle down there. My mother and I used to go down on our horses and spend the day and all with them.

One time when we went they had a camp right out in the meadow and had a big fire and they had pots boiling, beans, meat cooking, the cook did, and this day there was nobody around the camp, and the coyote was eating out of the kettle on the ground. We had fun chasing him off. That's where we got the moccasins and clothes, jackets and things that Indians made, you know.

BT: They gave them to you?

Minnie: Well, we bought them. Well, they didn't always give them to us. When they wanted food, you could trade for anything.

I was just so horrified when I came home from school, this was when I came home from school at Bridgeport, and the Indians were coming through and they would cross on the bridge, you know. The other time, when they were all there on the warpath and we had T-bone steaks for dinner, great big lot of people, men were there, you know. My father would rake all that together and take it out to them and, oh, they were just so happy to have it, the leftover T-bones, you know. That nearly killed me. I said, "Oh!"

BT: You mentioned Indians on the warpath.

Minnie: Well, that's when they left that time, when they went.

BT: Is this when the group came through Brown's Park? Could you tell us about that incident?

Minnie: Well, they were dissatisfied with the farming and the whole thing over there. Larry Curtain was one of the farmers, one of the boss farmers over there at one time. He was a very colorful Brown's Parker for years. He was from the East. His people were governors, but he wasn't. They saved up for a year, or more, however long it took, so they all had ammunition and guns. They one day left and came over Diamond Mountain and came into Brown's Park to Bridgeport where my home was, and they camped there for ten days. Every night, for two weeks I guess, they were there. Probably more than ten days. And they had a war dance every night at sundown, or in the evening. They were undressed and were mad, and really meant it. Squaws danced, too, and my father, they talked. He had went to Rock Springs and got them a load of food and brought it back and they finally left and went up to Fort Washakie, up the road above.

Then later, the government made them go back for nothing, they got them and made them go back. They sent them mostly on the train, and one old man and his family were sent overland, back through the way they came up. They had a covered wagon, an old wagon, you know, horses, saddle horses, and it was in the fall, November, and it was bitter cold. One day I saw them and they had a daughter. There was a daughter that evidently had had polio or something. She was a paralyzed person. I think that she might have been fifteen, or somewhere over ten or something, anyway, she had a wonderful fur robe for her bed. They took wonderful care of her. They made them go overland. Kept track of him until he got there. They stayed then.

BT: So, they took them back to the reservation. What was at the town of Bridgeport? Can you tell me what kind of buildings were there?

Minnie: Well, my father had a new project, an irrigating project, a new farming project, ranching. He took the water out of Green River to irrigate the farm, and the ditch from the take-out to the farm was probably three miles. That was all made by hand, by plows, you know.

He built a house there. He got a lot of state land. He bought a lot of state land, \$1.25 per acre, think of it. He was going to farm, ranch. This one house was built. I wasn't there. I was East, at school. And they built, my mother lived in it, a bedroom and a big living room, and two little bedrooms on that side, and then they built a big addition with very nice logs, hewed and very good looking, big, round logs, different from the ones that they built them with at first.

Cottonwood it would be. Then he had that cellar that you hear about, and it was the saloon, but it was just for our storage for the house. He did have bacon sometimes, for sale, you know. It was very hard in those day to preserve food.

[Begin tape 46. Conversation in progress.]

BT: You took the paper off, why did you take the paper off?

Minnie: Because it was molding, you had to do something about that mold when you cooked it. You had to get it off, it had to be washed.

BT: So, your dad didn't like it when you took the wrappers off?

Minnie: No, the bacon was moldy and it would have been gone in time. I took the wrappers off and threw the paper away and there it was, the flies would take over then. We didn't have screens on the building or anything and, of course, I was in Dutch for that. That was just one of the little things.

BT: Now, you knew a lot of the people in Brown's Park who have more or less become historical characters or legends in Brown's Park, and I'd kind of like to ask you about some of them now. First, we'll start with Albert Williams or Speck.

Minnie: I don't know where he came from. I think he was a slave at one time and I've forgotten how he came to Brown's Park. I have known but I really can't think of that now. Anyway, he was well respected and he worked. He had a ferry once on the Green River.

BT: Now, was this someone else's ferry that he operated or was it a ferry of his own?

Minnie: I think that it was the Parson Ferry. I think that's what it was.

BT: Do you know if he ever worked on Jarvie's ferry?

Minnie: No, I don't know that. He could have, but I don't think so because I know there was the Greenhows then and different people like that on ranches and I think it was the Parson Ferry. That's what I think.

BT: Okay. Now, there's the story that's kind of become Park legend about Williams being stabbed by Charles Crouse. Is that just a legend?

Minnie: No, it happened. There's many stories about it, but the one was very simple. There's something I don't believe about it because it's recorded that my father went to a dance over at Bitter Creek. I never knew my father doing such a thing. I don't know that he danced; I never saw him. I know that I have been with him at a dance, but like all the other kids, I went to sleep and was on the quilts by the wall and didn't see much of the dance.

But it's recorded that he left Albert, and one person says that a horse and another says it

was a buckboard with a team. They couldn't have crossed. The ford where they crossed livestock was a very bad ford. It was very quicksand and very high and a very great undercurrent. It was not used at all times of the year. And that's where they had the trouble. They had a bottle. That's where Albert was a Negro and my father was a Southerner, and they battled, and he got stuck and my mother took care of Albert, he didn't die. Some say my father saved himself by Albert living such a long time. He died in Vernal, you know, an old, old man.

BT: Was Albert friends with your mother? Was she fond of him?

Minnie: Oh, yes. He was friends with everybody. He was a trapper. So were those Mexicans. There was some of those that were among the whites. But when my mother died, Albert went to Rock Springs and got a casket. Coming back there was a terrible storm, he nearly perished. But he said he would do it. He adored my mother after she took care of him.

She took care of another man once, Harry Hoy. You know Harry was the ? and someone had been going in his house, robbing his kitchen or doing something. So he set a gun behind the door some way, this young man, whether he was pilfering that house or not or what he was doing in there, anyway, he got shot and my mother took care of him and he got well. I was going to tell you his name, but I just can't say it now. That happened at the Two Bar where Harry had this home.

BT: Did you know both of the Bassett girls, both Ann and Josie? Maybe you could tell us a little bit about them.

Minnie: They were wonderful people in a way. They were wonderful people. Ann was especially wonderful. She was a tomboy and loved the outdoors and lived it. Josie was the housekeeper and mother and there was lots of times that very awful things happened. But I wasn't there and I didn't see them.

BT: They say that Josie poisoned one of her husbands.

Minnie: She did, in my home in Linwood. She did, she certainly did. Did George Davis tell you he had the strychnine?

BT: I saw the bottle. Now how did he come upon the bottle?

Minnie: I gave it to him.

BT: And how did you find it?

Minnie: Well, I had it. She came in at breakfast time and told them that he was dead. There was no officers there and the snow was deep, both Rock Springs way and Vernal way, and Wyoming would have nothing to do with it. It wasn't in Wyoming. Linwood was in Utah, it was just on the line. So what to do about this? Larsen was broke then and Salt Lake Association sent a man out to take charge of the store, he was losing the store. So, they all talked about it and what to do and Josie was sitting around crying and pretending to and there was a Justice of the Peace, Colton,

and Colton's son had married one of Lewis Allen's daughters from Greendale. You know the Lewis Allen from Greendale? He married his daughter.

Well, Josie, they were going to have a hearing, thought they would have a hearing. There was no sheriff, no anybody and so they, this Salt Lake man and Josie, got together and she wound him around her little finger so fast that he said it was an accidental death. Josie said he had spasms and I don't know what, but she said he did. That's how he came to die.

But when they went over to this dance from Brown's Park, there was a man by the name of Warren Rice and he was the son of old Billy Rice, Ed Rice's brother. His wife and a baby went with Josie and they had one of these little carts, the two-wheel thing, they were darling things, and you could be so warm and it was lined with material, you know, or eider or something. The four of them and this baby came over to the dance in this car. They had never been over there and I hadn't even seen them for several years.

Larsen has several buildings there and I have beds, the property was all his, but I had charge of a humble kitchen. Overhill, across the road from the boarding house, they had this house. They all had one room, there was just one big room that was finished. Larsen was building a lot then. When they went in the late afternoon, when they came and they had this camp, the first thing Nig [Emerson "Nig" Wells] did was go over to the saloon. He had a time with that problem. He stayed there, and they got him out some time and had him back, but he was mostly there. A man is coming from the Park horseback, another man, and he rides in and puts his horse in the livery stable there. Larsen had a livery stable where he could tend horses.

So this is Josie's project. We had supper before the dance. It was suppertime, everybody went down and Josie and this fellow went down, I can't say his name right now. So Nig goes down and gets her bags up to the cabin. She leaves and goes back again, and he goes to sleep. And Ora had the baby asleep in the little bed. So, along in the late part of the night, we had to have a midnight supper, coffee and whatever. I had to do that, well, I had help. He wakes up and goes down and they have a big time and she brings him back up and puts him to bed. He wanted a drink of water and this Leora had a glass by the bed for her baby she had been using. She went to give the baby a drink, and Josie said, "For God's sake, don't give it drink out of that glass!" That's that.

I have a room upstairs over the kitchen and my Aunt Allen was visiting that night, she was there. We were at the dance after the night supper. She got tired and we thought we would go home and go to bed. We went up to the house, the door was open and the room was rented, the other bedroom upstairs. My door was locked and we couldn't get in. We knocked and banged and Josie and this guy were in there. We made them get out. He left.

I don't remember seeing him around that morning. I was up early and had breakfast. Josie comes over and tells them that Nig was dead. All this day they were wondering what to do. The next morning, Leora and Orrin left. They went, they took this cart and went home. They didn't live in Brown's Park. They lived up on at Wright's Ranch at Coyote Creek. A fellow by the name of Craw Kelly took Josie and whoever joined them. I don't remember now, there was a lot of people there. They went over to the Dishner place. They had had lunch in my cabin that day that they went to the dance in the afternoon, some time. She had gone through my things.

This morning, she brought her suitcase over after she knew he was dead, she brought her suitcase over and she had the bedroom. Her suitcase was one of those, it opened someway and it was flat out. But if it wasn't locked and you picked it up by the handle, it would spill the whole thing. Well, that's what I did. I went in to do something with it, to find out what she was going to

do, and I picked it up and everything fell out. That's where I got the strychnine.

Matt Warner had sent me, when he was in the pen in Salt Lake, he had sent me a toilet set of onyx button hooks and brushes and little things, I don't remember all. There was a piece of material that when I was a baby, we had long dresses on, this long, you know. And this was an especially ? dress and that part of the embroidery from that dress was in that, those were my things, I would recognize them immediately. That's where I got the strychnine. And I never said anything about that then, much.

But this man that came out from Salt Lake to take over the store, he was on my side and helped me. She wrote a scandalous letter about me being a whore and all kind of things. That's how much I knew. This Craw Kelly took them over to the Gap, over to Dishners. Alexander had a place. The Dishners were there, he had a bunkhouse. Everybody had a bunkhouse. These people, Kelly and Josie, they slept in the bunkhouse. There was a man there, they talked all night. He heard them planning what they were going to do, he had the body. They just threw him in the back of this wagon and didn't even cover him up. They were supposed to have buried it. Later, some people dug up the grave and he was not there.

BT: Were you familiar with J.S. Hoy?

Minnie: Yes, as a child.

BT: In his manuscript he doesn't have very kind words for your father. Why would he say the things that he does in his manuscript?

Minnie: He couldn't have what he wanted. He wanted to take Brown's Park and he couldn't have it. They just didn't let him have it, that's all. My father, and he was, I guess, about the strongest character maybe, he fought more for his rights. But anyway, that was the thing of it and he accused him of everything and many times they met and talked and talked about it. It was a funny thing. But Hoy was not a true friend of anybody nor was anybody a true friend of his. It's a wonder he wasn't put out of the way lots of times. He didn't have a thing to do with that V.S. Hoy thing. He wouldn't even go see his body. Everyone liked V.S. Hoy.

BT: Is V.S. different from J.S. Hoy?

Minnie: Yes, very different. He married well and they lived in Nebraska at one time. She used to tell me of the wonderful life they had there, servants and all, air the beds early while they were having breakfast and everything would be made up. She didn't work. Two children, and they had those children, now, I don't know whether they were born or not in the Park. I know Val and Eva. They were just young children when he was killed.

BT: Then his personality was different than J.S. quite a bit?

Minnie: Yes. Then his fighting ability. He was really a danger if he had something to fight about.

BT: V.S. was?

Minnie: Yes.

BT: And J.S. wasn't much of a fighter?

Minnie: No, he was kind of a coward.

BT: In J.S. Hoy's manuscript he hints at maybe two possible murders that he claims were people who were victims of your father. One is a fellow by the name of Travis and the other was a young boy by the name of Caldwell. Does he have any basis for those stories?

Minnie: Well, I don't know. This Travis, my father owed him? That really, I think, was Titsworth. That should have been the story of Titsworth. I have never met, until I heard this from the manuscript, that my father ever hurt, killed anybody in any kind of a fight. He had many terrible fistfights, but I never knew. And the Caldwell boy, I don't know anything about that and nobody else does either. No one else accused him. You can't find it in any, so they say, I haven't read them all. They say you don't find it.

BT: Did George Kelvington live in Brown's Park?

Minnie: He did at one time. I don't know how early he came there. He was there when I came home from school. He took up a little piece of land, not many acres. I can't remember how many acres it was. My father made the payments. He was an old soldier. My father made the payments on the land for him. He lived there and proved it. Then my father was to have it when he died. He used to come over to the cellar to get his bacon and things and sugar. When he died, we got the estate. I've never gotten to go back up there when I've been to the Park. It was very kind of rough country and somehow I never got there.

One time after he died, that was in the winter, the spring when the snow was deep. There wasn't snow in Brown's Park, it never lays there. There chinook winds come down the canyon and it's a lovely place to live. The hay was coming on in the summer, and my brothers, we were at the Gap and I had friends from Rock Springs visiting me, Janet and Grace Craw. My brothers said, "We're going to hay down at the Kelvington place, do you want to go?" Of course, we wanted to go. We crawled up the Gap and we went down and I wondered how in the world I was ever going to go in that house and sleep. I didn't dare tell these girls, didn't know anything about them. So, we go in there. Everything is gone that made it look lovely like it always did. A little cabin. There was no bed in the house. He had kind of a single bed, as I remember, that he died on. Over there in the corner we made our bed on the floor. I know the boys were thinking about it too, wondering about me. We go to bed and I slept all night. In the morning we'd tell them about it.

BT: About the story about finding the body? Maybe you could tell us about that. We don't have that on the tape.

Minnie: Well, this George Kelvington was a soldier that fought in the war in the states [Civil War]. He had a \$16 pension a month. That's all he had. I don't know what he worked at after the war or any of that, I don't know his life. That's how I knew him in the Park. My father and he

made a deal. My father paid for a certain number of acres of state land for him, \$1.25 an acre, that's what land was then, that kind of land. George had a cabin and a home and lived there. There was a spring there, a natural spring. He had a nice comfortable little home. He used to come over to Bridgeport when my father had the cellar there and buy his things. He went to Mr. Jarvie's also and bought part of his ?.

Time goes on and one winter I didn't see him for a long time. In the spring when the snow was deep, there wasn't snow in the Park, but the mountains were covered and the roads to Vernal were very bad, I went down the Park on my horse and was going to see him and other people in the Park. When I rode up to the little ranch, he had it fenced. There was a gate there that went into the house. He had a one-room cabin, a nice one-room cabin. He was a good housekeeper.

When I got off the horse, a dog was in the house and it jumped up to the window. There was a window on the north and the south end of the house. The door was on the east of the cabin. No light in the back, no window or door on the back. The dog was just roaring. I called and called George, and he didn't answer, no answer. So, I knew something was funny, he wouldn't be home. So, I walked 'round to the north end of the house to the window. I saw immediately on the table was where he ate his food. The oilcloth was ruffled up and there was dust on it. I walked up to the window real close and looked in. He was on the bed on the south end of the cabin by the window where the dog was barking at me. He had been dead a week or so and the dog had eaten his face. His eyes and his nose was gone. I cried and I swore at myself. I got on my horse and went down to a ranch a little ways down and got help and went back. This man and his wife went with me, the man had a little .32 pistol, that's all the gun he had, and he was going to shoot the dog.

There's a great big lovely cedar tree right in front of the door. There was a table there that George used to work there. I was scared from the dog. When they opened the door, I was scared. She picked me up and put me on this table and she climbed up and the dog got away and went up to the cellar just screaming, yelping. We looked the situation over and fastened up the house and I went down there and stayed all night and we let people know. Mr. Jarvie was one of the people that came and Jimmy Gray, who was Mrs. Greenhow's son. (He married, I didn't tell you this, he married Pearl Finch, one of Alice's sisters. They raised their family over on Coyote Creek and Canyon Creek and Steam Rock Spring.) There was no officers in the Park. They had never had a sheriff. We got the sheriff from Rock Springs or Vernal or ? Peak or wherever. No officers, so these men all decided to have a little post mortem and declare a natural death, which it was. His hands, his arms, he was lying straight out of bed. He was a six-footer or more and he was laying straight as an arrow and his hands were crossed and his straight old shotgun or rifle was beside him on the bed. And his feet were crossed with a blanket on. Just natural as anything. The dog had just been shut up in there.

That was the story of when we went down to put up the hay. One thing, the next day when they were building a box, I knew where he wanted to be buried. There was a tree, one lone tree, down in the lower end of his field, cedar, he was going to be buried there. I'm sitting on the bench watching the men dig the grave and make the box. Something came up the back of my neck and I turned around and it was the dog and he was grinning and lapping me. So, James brought his rifle and came, and the dog went back up the cellar and he shot him up there.

BT: He shot the dog?

Minnie: Oh, yes, nobody wanted to keep him around.

BT: How about Joe Tolliver?

Minnie: He was my father's half-brother. He came out from Carolina, Chatfields, from where the Sparks' did and all those people. He came there and he never was any good to himself, he had a family. He never made money, he never made homes. He would squat on a place. Then he would get into trouble and my father got him out several times. He shot himself, as you know, in Vernal. He was having a shave and he was twirling his six-shooter around, and the barber said to him, "You better put that away, you'll get hurt, somebody will get hurt." He said, "It's safe." He pulled the trigger and it wasn't. It killed him. His family were grown then.

BT: There's a story on a Christmas Eve, I think it was 1891, that he got into a scrap with someone.

Minnie: Ally Seger. He stabbed him. He had that southern temper, they all do it. It's a thing that they do. He's buried there.

BT: Did you know Matt and Mrs. Warner?

Minnie: Very well.

BT: What kind of people were they?

Minnie: Nice people. Matt was an outlaw, but he was a nice guy. Great big, happy-go-lucky man. I guess when he was in earnest he was pretty bad, but I never saw him. They tell things about he was cruel to his wife, but I never, nor my mother, nobody saw it. He worked at times for my father, different years. He built the dam up Crouse Creek once, he and Charlie Christensen, his half-brother. I have letters from him. One of those published.

BT: How about Mrs. Warner? How did she like being the wife of an outlaw?

Minnie: She didn't like it, but she didn't know it for a long time. I've heard her and my mother talk about it. I was old enough to understand. When they eloped and went up north. They told them they were horse traders for a long time. That's the reason they separated, too, she didn't like what he did.

BT: Mrs. Warner separated from Matt?

Minnie: No, Elza Lay's wife.

BT: That's the lady that left him.

Minnie: Yes, because she didn't like his occupation.

BT: Mrs. Warner was taken to Vernal for an operation.

Minnie: Yes, she fell at the Parson place going down into the spring to get a pail of water at this winter and she fell, the ice, and bust her leg and she got disease and it happened from a bruise. He brought her to Vernal and to my home, we lived in the Henroid house then. They had the saloon there; Overholt was there. We got the doctors from the Post, two doctors from the Post, and they operated in my mother's bedroom. Made a table in there and took her leg off. Then it reoccurred and reoccurred again and she died.

BT: At your home in Vernal?

Minnie: No, her mother had taken her to Salt Lake by that time. We couldn't keep her. She couldn't keep her in Vernal. Then Matt was in that trouble, that mining scrape over at Vernal, where a man was killed. Her mother had come. She was pregnant and had a baby and her mother came at that time and they had a house and her mother took her to Salt Lake and she died there.

BT: So Matt Warner worked for your father?

Minnie: Yes, sometimes he did. In the first days when he came out there, when he first was in up on the Warren Draw. In those years he did. I guess he knew him from the time he came, Jim Warren.

BT: What about Matt Rash? Did you know him very well?

Minnie: Just like the others. He was a good-looking and pleasant person.

BT: I know you knew Isom Dart. He seems to be a pretty popular character from Brown's Park. Went through a lot of adventures in his life. What kind of a man was he?

Minnie: He was a good Negro. I loved to read about him and hear about his life in the war and all the years. He had to steal. He had to live, they had to do it. I guess he did some even when he lived... In the days when he was killed, he was probably gathering cattle. Everybody else did it, too. He was a nice person around the ranch; he was helpful and he was good to children. I don't know what Mrs. Bassett would have ever done without him. I've seen him around our home. I don't know that he ever worked for my father, but I remember riding on his shoulders. I was always trying to find his ear. Half his ear was gone. He got that from a row with the husband of this squaw, an Indian woman.

BT: One other person, Elza Lay. Were you familiar with him?

Minnie: We knew him well. He broke horses one summer for my father at Pot Creek up at the Holt pastures. We children used to go down to the corral every morning. We couldn't get there quick enough to see the horses buck, they were wonderful. They broke good horses. My father raised good horses and they broke them well. One day, this little thing happened. My brothers used to lose the spurs, use my father's things and lose them. We had lots of trouble about those

things. So, one time they had lost a bridle. My mother told them to go and find it and not come back until they did. So, they didn't come back.

Evening came and we were ? and Elzy, my mother cooked for them a lot of the time. They were away from the Holt pasture riding for cattle or horses or whatever my father had told them to do. Evening came this day and nobody was there but my mother and I. My mother was baking good rolls and good things to eat that day and I remember how happy I was. Night came and dark almost came and these boys were gone and we were yelling for them and looking for them and walking out and looking for them and couldn't find them. We didn't have a dog then, the dog was away on his job. Our dogs worked. So we built a fire, a big fire so that they could see it if they were somewhere and were lost and would come home. They didn't come. So, in the night sometime, they came out.

One of them, I don't remember if it was Elzy or Toledo that came out that the boys were down there. They had walked four miles down a trail on Pot Creek down to the Ed ? Ranch where I told you I stayed all night once. They were there. When they came up to our cabin to tell us that: "What in the hell are you doing here?" They took them in and gave them some supper and put them to bed, took care of them. My mother said, "We'll just leave them down there."

My father was away, he was over on business in Vernal. I couldn't stand it. I was mad at them all right because it was my bridle, but she said, "Well, we will go down." So we went down to the ranch that afternoon. There was a very steep dugway. It's a lovely drive. They had followed the creek, but we were up on the road. There is a mountain here, a glen, big piece of rock and the road goes along there and it comes down here and there's a very steep hill. Very steep. It would be heck to drive up it with a load. Loose dirt. So we were going down this hill and we would cross Pot Creek and the ranch would be stuck back up in here, so two little dirty boys were walking up the hill and they were dirty, you can imagine. My mother said, "Now, don't speak to them. Don't notice them." But I cried, of course. She had to give up and we took them home. That evening after we had got home and everybody was in bed or they were just about to go to bed, my father came and the sheriff was with him on some business. He heard this story and they gave them a little scare. But that was that.

BT: What can you tell us about Butch Cassidy?

Minnie: I never knew he was an outlaw or that he was a bad man. I thought he was wonderful. When you needed a horse—on the nights when they were riding over here somewhere in Colorado they robbed a bank, they took my father's best saddle horse from the pasture. We never knew it, he never knew it 'til morning, I guess. Maybe he did and maybe he didn't, but I don't think he did. He came and visited like that. They always brought it back or something. That's how we saw him. He was a nice man. We never saw him do anything. We never had anything from him. He never did anything. My father never had any business with him only socially, meeting every day or whatever. He made his own living.

One day I remember in Vernal when we had been down there to school all winter, I had a little old gray saddle mare. She had a colt and my brother and I were out there trying to get the colt up on its feet and do something for it. It didn't need any help, but we thought it did. Somebody came up to us and it was Butch and he stayed there with the colt and talked about it. Finally he said, "Is you father in the house?" And I said, "Yes," and he walked in the house.

BT: So he was gentle with animals, good with animals?

Minnie: Yes. They had good horses, they treated them highly. You know they used to have a, have you heard of Bill Speck?

BT: No.

Minnie: Well, Bill Speck was somebody. He was a great big, tall fellow and he was kind of a club rider. He used to come and stay in our bunkhouse a lot, a lot, and make rawhide ropes and mend saddles and do things like that. He had a great appetite. My mother never worked outdoors like lots of the ranch women did, but she sure worked cooking, having people. And Speck was one of them. When we got the new house, he was there one time for a long time. Stanley and I were out over by the door and we peeked around the door and said, "Now, Bill, don't eat the dishes." He had a great appetite.

Over on the Brush Creek side, over Diamond Mountain, they had a stakeout, what you call it. A stakeout of places where they would have fresh horses. There was a tree. They fed them. I don't know how they did it, but anyway they had grain and things there to feed them. There was a big tree with spikes, like railroad spikes driven in it. They would tie the rope and horses to it. Bill used to spend a lot of time doing that.

BT: Bill Speck was one of Butch Cassidy's men?

Minnie: Maybe. He didn't rob banks or anything, he fed those horses and took care of them and gave them information and mail and what have you. So, I guess he was one of his men, or some of the men, he never did anything crooked around the ranches or anything, he was just Bill Speck. A big, tall, thorny face, I can remember him well. That's one thing he did. They found that after quite a long time, after somebody located that tree.

BT: Now there's a spot that they call Cassidy Point which is supposedly a place where Butch and his men used to hide out.

Minnie: Yes, that's just up above Crouse Canyon.

BT: And they say that your mother used to take pies and good things to them.

Minnie: She didn't take them, no. My mother didn't do things like that, but they may have fed them, I don't know. I told you before, I never knew that Butch Cassidy's cabin, never. I was a grown-up for a long time after I came back before I found that out. And I've never seen it yet.

BT: So it may be or may not be.

Minnie: I guess maybe it's there. They say it was very well hid. That's where Mike Flynn was killed up there, too, in that vicinity. He needed it.

BT: Why did he need it?

Minnie: Haven't you heard? He came there after robbing a store somewhere. He married one of the Green's from Greendale, from Vernal. I never knew them 'til I came home from school and I was at Bridgeport that summer and he robbed a store when he came there somehow, but my father let him live. There was a stable down by the bridge right where they kept the horses when they built the bridge. Kept the teams. That summer, Mike and his wife was living in there, he came to Brown's Park. Jensen and Vernal are just over the hill, you know. The very first thing he did, and my brother Clarence and I came home from the Titsworth that summer and Clarence was just a big boy and Mike was running horses, in the horse business somehow, but he was stealing horses. He said to Clarence, "Don't you want to come out with me today and run some horses?" Clarence hadn't been on a horse for years back there...

end